Souad Al-Sabah

Take Me To The Borders of the Sun

Translated

By

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Epigraphs

This is a land which will not let
A woman lead the caravan.

There is a woman at the beginning
of all great things.
(Lamartine

Woman is the most wonderful creation
if she knows her own worth.
(Gladstone)

Man is God's prose;
woman, his poetry.
(Napoleon)

Look into the heart of any woman
and you find a mother.
(Michelet)



Introduction

Souad Al-Sabah published her first collection of poems, Early Flashes, in 1961 when she was barely nineteen. It marked the beginning of a life-long journey of poetic exploration and achievements which has yielded fourteen volumes of verse and promises to yield more. Al-Sabah's creative, intellectual and emotional energies have continued to grow and expand over the years and, judging by her latest poems, show no signs of flagging. Indeed, her most recent volumes – A Woman Without Shores, Take Me to the Borders of the Sun and A Poem is a Female, the Female a Poem – show her at the height of her poetic powers and technical prowess, in full command of her idiom and still capable of capturing the essence of an experience in its fleeting moments, sensuous impressions and subtle nuances.

As one of the leading poets in Arabic, El-Sabah has an invigoratingly fresh, distinctive voice, at once pensive and passionate, delicately lyrical and vibrantly dramatic. Whether she speaks of love or politics, and whatever the mood, her poems are consistently vigorous, provocative and exhilarating.

You never feel that she comes to poetry with a fully formed idea or a clear subject. Rather, the poem strikes you as a battleground of conflicting impulses and thoughts, a sensitive register of a profoundly sympathetic mind struggling to make sense of its own experience of the world without preconceptions and define itself in relation to it. The struggle is never conceptual or abstract; we experience it through a well-contrived persona, continuously projected in a variety of moods and situations, in different, vividly evoked environments, as both an involved party, in the grip of the experience, and a detached observer making incisive comments. In this struggle too, almost invariably, the intimately personal is also intensely political.

Indeed, one could say that Souad El-Sabah's perception of the world, herself and own experience is grounded in a sense of paradox which informs all her work. As an Arab woman in a conservative society, she seemed destined by history and culture to one sphere – the private, feminine and domestic – where she felt an alien. Inwardly driven to seek her real spiritual home in poetry and responsible public action, both traditionally male domains, she was deeply resented and made to feel more of an

alien, something of a monstrosity in fact. Her liberal, mind and independent spirit clashed violently with the culture she had imbibed as a child and which continued to besiege and cripple her; and though a lover of Kuwait, her homeland, she did not hesitate to unleash her fury against what she perceived as the forces of darkness, indeed of death there. The violence of the invective, its urgency and the corrosive mode in which she expresses it betray a personal sense of danger, a feeling of terrible threat which suggests, in turn, a postmodern awareness of the insidious power of ideology, of the fact that however hard one tries to rid oneself of it, traces of it could sediment at a deeper layer of one's consciousness and continue to lurk in the hidden recesses of the mind, imperceptibly influencing one's thoughts and deeds. In her battle against the dominant, repressive, patriarchal ideology she inherited from her native culture, Al-Sabah seems to realize that there is no final victory, that the battle has to be fought over and over.

Nowhere is this fear and hatred of oppression more powerfully expressed than in The Night Fatima Was Arrested, one of her wittiest and most vigorous and scathing satires. It begins with a shocking, three-line statement, all the more disturbing for its seemingly neutral, matter of fact tone:

This is a country where female poems are circumcised
And the sun is strangled as it rises
In the interests of family security;

The tone, however, soon changes to one of rising anxiety in the rest of the stanza and the shift is effected by the use of repetition in an obsessive manner and short, breathless one-foot lines:

(A country) Where a woman is slain if she dares to
speak,
To think,
To write,
Or love,
In order to cleanse the family honour.

The pattern is repeated in the following stanzas in which the homeland is metaphorically transformed into a mythical monster that feeds on its offspring and where animal and nature imagery is used to expand the meaning and identify the oppression of women as a violation of nature and a heinous sin against life:

This is a land that has devoured its women
Then lain back happily
Under the lacerating sun, in the midday heat.

This is the mythical land of Wak-Wak where thinking is forbidden,
Women are slaughtered on their bridal beds like camels,
Fish are forbidden to swim
And birds to fly...
This is a land which hates the rosebud that blooms,
Resents its fragrance,
And only dreams of sex and bed.

This is a land which has closed its skies
And mummified its women,
Declaring their faces a source of shame,
Their voices a source of shame,
All thought a source of shame,
Poetry, a source of shame,
And love, a source of shame,
Together with the green moon and blue letters.

This is a land which has abolished spring from the calendar,

Abolished winter,
Abolished eyes and weeping.
This is a land which has taken leave of its senses
And chosen to live in a coma.

What could these slumbering, indolent, indifferent
cities want from me –
A predatory, savage fighter?
If it is my mind they want,
I'd rather not have one.
What should a woman do with all her rains?
All her rivers?
How can she grow flowers and roses,
Out of this stony, arid land?

What do they want from a woman in our land?
Do they want her boiled?
Do they want her grilled?
Do they want her flesh and fat kneaded and baked in a
pie?
Do they want her a sugar doll

Ready for copulation at all times?
Do they want her young and ignorant?
Well, the above are the ten commandments a woman should observe
To preserve the family heritage.

The poem ends on a desperate note of affirmation which reveals a sharp awareness of the lethal dangers that beset the quest for freedom:

I am sorry,
But I will never give up my sharp nails
And will go on, as always,
Marching ahead of the caravan,
And will fight for this till death –
My enemy's death, or mine.

The title of the poem quoted above, named after a famous Egyptian television serial based on a novel by Sekina Fuad, and some of its mythical and culinary imagery draw on popular culture and reveal another interesting aspect of Al-Sabah's dialectical imagination: the eclectic combination of elements and motifs from the (high) classical and (low) popular cultural

traditions. To the classical poetic heritage she owes the structural solidity of her verse and some technical features. From the popular heritage, she derives her lively rhythms, vivid idiom and many images and allusions. The fusion of two hierarchically differentiated legacies, with their respective idioms and frames of reference, generates a kind of productive tension on the linguistic, stylistic levels which reflects and consolidates the dominant thematic dialectics of male and female, the individual and society in her poetry.

In the case of the male/female binary opposition which underlies most of her love poems, acting as generative matrix, a synthesis is attempted and sometimes temporarily achieved through the Jungian concepts of anima and animus. El-Sabah subtly hints at the existence of a masculine principle (animus) in the female unconscious and of a feminine principle (anima) in the male unconscious. Patriarchal cultures, however, are keen to suppress this ambivalence in the interest of a clearer, differential opposition of male and female. Souad El-Sabah is aware of the artificiality of this sexist opposition and its ideological directives and ramifications. She recognizes that the 'female' and 'male' identities imposed on men and women by culture are

detrimental social costructs which limit, stunt and warp the natural growth of both into well-integrated, creative, loving human beings. A person who is inwardly split and lacks a sense of human integrity and dignity, she believes, is incapable of loving. This explains the ambivalent attitude towards love we come across in many of the love poems: the longing for physical and spiritual union with the beloved and regarding this union as the fountainhead of life and creativity, on the one hand, and, on the other, the fear of forfeiting one's integrity and independence of spirit and, therefore, one's humanity in such a union.

In The Moon and the Beast, one of her most powerful poems, this divided feeling towards love comes across very vividly in a startling combination of tender sentiments and violent imagery. The poem also clearly points to the root cause of the problem, blaming it on the patriarchal culture which enshrines male dominance and female submission, and expresses a sense of rising frustration which reaches a desperate edge:

> Two forces fight within me:
> The desire to be your love
> And the fear of becoming your prisoner.

The moon wrestles with the beast,
The white with the black,
The existentialist with the Sufi,
Revolution with counter revolution
The craving to be with you
And the urge to kill you.

Two seas battle within me:
My temperate, feminine sea
And a masculine one of yours,
Planted with mines and pirates
And teeming with savage fish.
My sandy shores struggle against your waves,
And my forests against your tropical rains.

Loving you, I face
Two choices and have no third:
To retire into the copper cell of your chest,
Or walk out into the sun of freedom;
To surrender to the force of history,

Or take up arms against it;
To submit to your authoritarian discourse,
Or mutiny against your heaven-inspired, sacred words.

Deep inside me
Resentment merges
With maternal feelings,
A sense of security
With a foreboding of imminent storms.
I live out my days with you
Suspended
Between the trees of fire on your lips
And an abysmal void below.

When I am alone, your voice assaults me
Like a wolf with flaming eyes.
It leaves a gash in my neck,
A wound in my memory,
A stab in my waist,
A slit in my sheets.
And every night it kneads me like a dough,

With cinnamon, saffron
And spices hot.
I am torn, into a thousand shreds,
Between your civilized paper-cover
And real aggression on females,
Between the fire of your words
And your frosty kisses,
Between your patriarchal views
And narcissistic postures,
Between your boundless liberalism
And equally boundless reactionism.

The thematic dialectic of the individual versus society which, as I mentioned earlier, constitutes another dominant element in Souad Al-Sabah's poetry, is sometimes projected in the poems through another dialectic in which nature is the thesis and history the antithesis. In this context, the individual is defined as a free woman and identified with nature, not as a sentimentalized concept, but as a living, productive/destructive force. History, on the other hand, is seen as a male product which consists mainly of feuds, violent, bloody deeds and acts of aggression. No wonder the persona who speaks in the Revolt of

the Leather-bound Chickens, who describes herself a "a woman from a distant sphere/ A distant star," describes her lover as one who has "emerged/ Out of a dusty book" in whose eyes she could "see the era of the Mamelukes live again/And glimpse the slave market." She berates him for guarding the shameful legacy of capitalist greed and female oppression bequeathed to him by his ancestors: "Carry on, she says,"

> As your ancestors used to do
> When they bought women
> As if they were estates
> And regarded them
> As a source of humiliation
> And a shameful disgrace.
>
> Carry on as jackals do,
> Spreading terror through the desert,...
>
> I'm not the woman for you, sir.
> Look for another
> That looks like a carpet
> In the court of Harun Al-Rashid.

Carry on
The same as all the tribe's men:
Invade, decimate,
Advance, retreat,
For in the history of your ignorance
There is nothing new.
Carry on
The same as jackals do,
But you can never eat my flesh
Or shear my wool.
For know you that my body is sacred land....

Given the dialectical nature of Souad El-Sabah's poetic imagination it is not surprising that, structurally, her favourite poetic modes are the dramatic monologue and the confidential public speech. Whether the subject is love or politics, she assumes a silent audience who listens, be it a lover whom her persona addresses in intimate surroundings, in a situation fraught with conflict and tension, or a congregation of sympathetic listeners in a public arena. But even when she opts for the solitary mode of the confessional soliloquy, the poems often take the form of a dialogue with the self and the same dramatic quality is discernible. This makes her poetry best appreciated when orally delivered. In such recitals, Al-Sabah

turns a poem into a lively dramatic performance which thrills the audience and tickles them to laughter sometimes even as it challenges their inherited views, cherished ideas and hallowed assumptions. But even in print, one cannot fail to be struck by El-Sabah's astringent wit, her delicious, often sardonic sense of humour and her ability to turn irony into a lethal weapon. Unfortunately, even the best of translations cannot do justice to this aspect of the poetry which relies in part on punning and local cultural references. The title of the last poem quoted above, The Revolt of the Leather-bound Chickens, for instance, involves an intelligent play on the word "leather-bound" – "mujallad" in Arabic – which when used, quite unexpectedly, to describe chicken immediately evokes a similar word, "mujammad" which differs from it only in one letter and means "frozen." This kind of word-play is far from gratuitous, intended merely to amuse. In the context of the poem, it can suggest a cluster of related meanings: one can detect a hidden comparison between the 'covering' or 'binding' of women in some societies, which freezes their existence and degrades them to the level of conserved, marketable edibles, and the mental rigidity of their males who, like the lover in the poem, are prisoners of the dusty (and no doubt leather-bound) book of history. And since frozen chickens are an invention of modern, industrialized society and

usually sold in supermarkets, their appearance in the context of a culture which, under the thin veneer of civilization, is far from modern or industrialized, constitutes a sharp, satirical dig at cultural hypocrisy.

The word-play also paradoxically identifies the commodification of women as "frozen chickens" with their false valorization as treasured, "leather-bound" or "mummified" cultural possessions. Compared to frozen chickens, women are seen to fare much worse: unlike their feathered sisters they never thaw, are never literally consumed and never provide real nourishment to anybody. Like the speaker in The Moon and the Beast, they seem doomed to live out their days suspended between trees of fire above, which they can never reach, and an abysmal void below.

Souad El-Sabah has been described as a feminist, which she certainly is in thought and outlook. Her feminism, however, does not stop at the liberation of women. It aspires to liberate men as well, and children, and even nature from the destructive attrition of man. Its ultimate dream is of a human race, unfettered in mind and body, free to create and love.

Poem I

The Graduate

You, Sir, who hide in my wristwatch
And join forces with time against me,
You who make my bracelets your allies,
Of my lashes and dresses his confederates -
You who conspire with my books, my papers
And the smell of coffee against me,
How I wish you would go on leave.
The hours with you are unbearable;
The hours without you are unbearable,
And time does not take its final shape
Until it has passed through your fingers.

*   *   *

And am not complete and whole
Until I have graduated through your fingers.

Poem II

Fire on the Snow

-1-

You, who look like no other man,
Whom no other man resembles,
You are my mirror
And, in you, how beautiful my face looks.

-2-

The snow in Megeve
Is black, so black,
And the skiers on the ice slopes
Seem to glide on the wires of my nerves.
Megeve refuses to welcome me,
To talk to me,
To acknowledge my legitimate presence
Except when I am hanging on your left arm.
Can you get them to recognize me and accept me
In this exquisite, little French town
Which has made you its mayor?

-3 -

O, man

Who has carried away all the snow maps in his pocket

And left me to glide on my icy sorrows.

You have consumed all the coffee in France

And left me to sip my tears.

Without you here I am shorn of joy,

Shorn of love,

And no longer feel a woman.

-4-

The lanes of Megeve are drenched with the smell of your voice;

The tables in all the cafes are reserved in your name;

The lovely Savoie cheeses are tasteless without you.

Your footprints in the snow

Are carved on the walls of my memory.

I pray you, give me back

The maps of this town.

-5-

The clock strikes

And my sorrows chime with it.

The Alpine winds wrench off my woolen cap
And the snow burns me with its fire.
You course through my veins
One by one,
Inch by inch,
Turning all the corners,
Filling every nook.
The clock strikes
And I am armed to the teeth with passion.
O you who hides in the lashes of a cloud,
Let your glorious rains pour down.
My days are parched and cracked with thirst.

-6-

O knight who enfolds me in the mantle of his manhood
From my north to my south,
From my lips to my waist,
O You, who pen love poems on the undulations of my days,
My heart is a fruit ripe for plucking
And my pores are open to receive your ships, borne homeward on the wind.

O sailor whose lips the salty waves have chapped,
I am a whole kingdom of women;
I pray you, cast your anchor on the shores of my heart
And grant me your fatherly blessings.
For know you this: I have no home but you,
No tribe but you,
No homeland to belong to
Except you.

-7-

At four o'clock, my passion rages like a sea,
And bursts all my dams,
Uproots all my trees
And pulls down all my language lines,
All my memory lines.
At four o'clock
I burst into flame on the snows of Megeve
Like a Christmas tree
And cry aloud until my voice pierces yours,
Until my roots penetrate your soil,
And I become a drop in your bloodstream.

-8-

My knight whom I have waited for
From the dawn of history,
Since everything began,
The trees of my tenderness,
The flowers of my heart are bristling.
My birds, my fishes
And the dovecotes of my thoughts are seething.
Therefore, dismount, my knight
To share with me
Moments of poetry... moments of madness.

-9-

What do I do with the heritage of emotions
You planted in my blood
Like a jasmine tree?
What do I do with your voice
Still pecking like a cock at the face of my sheets?
What do I do with the imprint of your taste
Stamped on the furnishings in my room?
The paintings we chose together?

The books we read together?
The souvenirs we picked up in cities all over?
The shells we gathered on the Caribbean shores?
Tell me, dear sir,
What do I do with this heavy legacy of memories
You left on my shoulders
And on my lips?

I have tried, more than once,
To rid myself of you and it,
But was ashamed to sell my past,
To sell my feelings,
To sell my braids
In public auctions.

-10-

Where can I go
When you have all the maps of the world?
At which café can I sit
When you have monopolized all the coffee trees,
And the very smell of coffee?

Which language can I speak
When you hold all the keys to my tongue?

I tried deporting you
To the other side of the moon.
But when the moon came up,
You returned with her beams
And, sketched on my windowpane, I found your face.

I tried to send you to your mother
Who spoilt you, taught you to be messy,
And to love collecting stamps...
Along with women.
She, however, sent you back by registered mail
With her best wishes.

Poem III

I Apologize to You

I apologize to you,
I apologize
From the depths of my heart
And the cracks of my thought.
I apologize
For all the time we lost
When you were not my love.
I apologize for all the summers and winters,
Autumns and springs
And every particle of every second
When I did not protect you with my eyelids
And feed you with the milk of my tenderness.

-2-

I apologize, my friend,
For my childhood
Which slipped away, with no colour, taste, or smell,
When I could neither read your palms well,

Nor fully grasp the fragrance of your valour.
I apologize for all my days which were not days,
My history, which was no history,
My gardens which did not blossom
And my skies which did not rain.

-3-

I apologize, my friend,
For a hundred years of solitude,
When not a single tree
Sprouted from my thoughts
To alter the chronicle of trees,
Nor a single violet to reshape the story of violets,
Nor a single poem to change the annals of poetry.

-4-

I apologize, my friend,
Allbeit belatedly,
For all the cities I visited without you,
The Concorde flights I took without you,
The streets I roamed without you,
The rain that soaked me,
The libraries I visited and the books I read without you.

I apologize to you
For all the lonely hotels where I slept alone
And wept alone between the walls.
I am so sorry for all the years I lived an emotional orphan
Before you became my lord and master.

-5-

I apologize, my master,
For the fiftieth time,
For every point of view I had of which you did not approve,
For every centimeter of my hair
That did not figure on the list of your property
For every thread of my robes that did not bloom at your smile.
I apologize for all the letters
I wrote to you before my birth
And never sent you,
For all the dreams I painted in the colours of the rainbow
On the walls of my mother's womb
And you never saw.
For all the fish I caught
For you in the lakes of the moon
And let perish in my hands.

Poem IV

A Man in My Memory

-1-

My problem with you has nothing to do with my heart
But, rather, with my memory.
The memory you occupied by force
A hundred years ago
Without my permission,
Against my will
And without lease.

-2-

For a hundred years
You have been living in my memory
As if it were your private apartment,
Stretching on its cushions when it suited you,
Hanging your clothes in its wardrobes anytime you wanted,
Taking your siesta there whenever you wished,
Making free of its fridge
And making your coffee there at all hours.

-3-

For a hundred years
You have clung, like seaweed,
To the shores of my memory.
I ask you to leave; you stay.
I buy you a ticket; you do not go away.
I pack your suitcases; you unpack them.
I call the police to arrest you;
I am the one that gets arrested.

-4-

For a hundred years
My memory has retained no man but you.
Of history, it has known nothing but yours;
Of geography, only the contours of your hands;
And of culture, only the words of love
You write on my shift.

-5-

For a hundred years
I have tried to break through the chalk circle
In which you locked me,

Hiding the keys in your pocket.
For a hundred years
I have tried to convince you to respect human rights
And the rights of womanhood;
But, like all the males of the tribe,
You have stubbornly held on to your property,
The domains on which the sun never sets,
And kept your red flags hoisted
On the ramparts of my memory.

-6-

You who sit enthroned in my memory,
Release me but for a day from your sovereign sway;
For every street I walk through carries your name,
Every café I turn to turns me away,
Every public park shuts its gates in my face,
All the boutiques where I shop for clothes
Refuse to sell me anything before I first consult you.
So, get out from under my skin
That I may lead a normal life
And breathe in a natural way.

-7-

I carry you inside me

Like a woman in the ninth month of her pregnancy.

How do I rid myself of you?

How can I cut the umbilical cord that binds us together

When you are enmeshed, like a skein of wool,

In my dreams, my desires and nervous system?

How can I leave you by the roadside

Under the snow and rain, at the mercy of violent storms,

When you are my firstborn

And also my last?

-8-

The Berlin wall has fallen, sir,

And the old world has collapsed.

South Africa has freed itself from the white man's rule

After three hundred years of bondage.

Why do you then, 'white man',

Continue to occupy my memory?

Why do you go on planting your landmines there

And raising terrible fires under my pillow?

-9-

How can I uproot you from my memory

When you cling to it

As coral reefs cling

To the rocks of the Red Sea?

-10-

You, who have taken out an eternal lease on my feelings,

Book yourself into any hotel you like

And I will foot the bill.

Go to any café you choose

And I will pay for your coffee.

Marry any woman who appeals to you

And I will put up the money for her dowry.

Poem V

Take Me to the Borders of the Sun

-1-

Tell me, tell me
Did you ever love a woman before me
Who, when she loved,
Lost the light of reason?

-2-

Tell me, tell me:
How come that a woman, when she loves,
Turns into an Arabian jasmine tree?
Tell me:
What makes a copy, a mere, shadowy reflection,
So strikingly resemble its original
So that the eye is taken for the kohl that borders it?
What turns a woman in love
Into a true and certified copy of her lover?

-3-

Speak to me in a tongue
That no woman has heard before.
Carry me to an isle of love
That no one has inhabited before me.
Let me hear words that lie beyond the bounds of poetry.
Tell me I am your first love.
Say that I am your first date,
Distill your liquid tenderness in my ears
And plant a moon in my eyes.
One word of love from you
Is worth the world.

-4-

You who, like a rose, have taken root in my depths,
You who, like a toddler, sport on the pupils of my eyes,
You are whimsical as a child,
Violent as the waves
And soft as the sand.
Pray, let not my voiced longings irritate you.
Always repeat my name, over and over,

In the hours of dawn and the hours of night.
I may not be a mistress of the art of silence -
Forgive my ignorance -
But if you searched the whole world
You could not find a woman like me.

-5-

You are my love. Do not leave me
To drink my patience like a palm tree.
Since I am you,
How can I tell the reality from the shadow,
The original from the copy?

Poem VI

The Scent of Your Voice

-1-

The cafes spin round themselves;
Your words swirl round my womanhood;
The memories wind themselves round my neck;
I run away from the scent of your voice
And fly to my room.

-2-

You, who have monopolized the geography of the whole world,
Spare but a little region of my thought
From youı colonial clutch.
Leave but one of my forts
Free of your fluttering flags.

-3-

O man of brimstone and fire,
Knead me like a piece of clay

And shape me:
One hill of silver,
One hill of gold;
One almond kernel
And a mango fruit.
Shape me in your image
For I do not acknowledge any picture of myself
That does not bear your signature.

Poem VII

I Will Always Love You

-1-

I love you,
Despite your thousands of tiny flaws,
And know you are unworthy of my gifts.
And yet, I fling myself into your arms,
Forgetting where I am,
Not knowing whether I was coming
Or going.

-2-

I love you,
To the point of naïveté ,
To the point of stupidity,
And know that, at the end, I shall drown
In a puddle of water.
Forgive my idiocy.

-3-

I love you so much,

And know that your temperament

Is lightning, thunder and storm clouds,

That I have wedded winter.

I know that going on is hard,

That going back is harder,

And that your seas have no beginning

Or end.

I love you so much

And know full well

That I am building a kingdom in the air.

-4-

I love you so much,

And know I shall conquer the impossible

And touch the roof of the sky.

I love you recklessly,

To the point of evaporation,

To the point of identification,

To the point of extinction.

-5-

I love you boundlessly, unconditionally,

And know I have crossed every red line

And burnt half the country I left behind.

I love you heedlessly,

And from the start have known

That I shall pay for it.

-6-

I love you so much

And how I wish I didn't.

But it is a weakness in women

That when in love

We cannot distinguish between the foot of a mountain

And a hill,

Between a few lines and the whole book,

Between rewards and penalties.

In our passionate yearning

We cannot tell the difference between prophet and usurer.

I love you so much;

I wonder if I am courting my own destruction?

-7-

Little dictator,

I do not blame you no matter what you do,

No matter how you repress my feelings,

Smash my fancies

And play the tyrant.

You have never been really strong,

But my weakness made you rank among the mighty.

You have never been really great,

But I, myself,

Have raised you, upon my love, to the sky.

-8-

O Master,

Forgive my madness.

I am primitive in my whims

And, like me, my passion is primitive.

I will always love you,

No matter how weary of it I get,

How much I scream,

How hard I protest.

Through I may want to free myself of my Arabian kohl

And chestnut hair,

I shall still love you,

And will do so

Until it makes you bleed,

Until it makes me bleed.

Poem VIII

The night Fatima Was Arrested[1]

-1-

This is a country where female poems are circumcised

And the sun is strangled as it rises

In the interests of family security,

Where a woman is slain if she dares to speak,

To think,

To write,

Or love,

In order to cleanse the family honour.

-2-

This is a land which frowns upon female dissenters,

Angry women,

Or women who violate

1. Named after a famous Egeptian television serial, based on a novel by Sikina Fouad, about a woman who dedicates her life to raising her brothers; however, when she falls in love, they betray her Resistance-fighter lover to the military police to prevent her enjoying a life of her own, eventually getting her arrested as well.

Family rituals

This is a land which will not let

A woman lead the caravan.

-3-

This is a land that has devoured its women

Then lain back happily

Under the lacerating sun, in the midday heat.

This is the mythical land of Wak-Wak where thinking is forbidden,

Women are slaughtered on their bridal beds like camels,

Fish are forbidden to swim

And birds to fly...

This is a land which hates the rosebud that blooms,

Resents its fragrance,

And only dreams of sex and bed.

-4-

This is a land which has closed its skies

And mummified its women,

Declaring their faces a source of shame,

Their voices a source of shame,

All thought a source of shame,

Poetry, a source of shame,

And love, a source of shame,

Together with the green moon and blue letters.

-5-

This is a land which has abolished spring from the calendar,

Abolished winter,

Abolished eyes and weeping.

This is a land which has taken leave of its senses

And chosen to live in a coma.

-6-

What could these slumbering, indolent, indifferent cities want from me -

A predatory, savage fighter?

If it is my mind they want,

I'd rather not have one.

What should a woman do with all her rains?

All her rivers?

How can she grow flowers and roses,

Out of this stony, arid land?

-7-

What do they want from a woman in our land?

Do they want her boiled?

Do they want her grilled?

Do they want her flesh and fat kneaded and baked in a pie?

Do they want her a sugar doll

Ready for copulation at all times?

Do they want her young and ignorant?

Well, the above are the ten commandments a woman should observe

To preserve the family heritage.

-8-

I am sorry,

But I will never give up my sharp nails

And will go on, as always,

Marching ahead of the caravan,

And will fight for this till death -

My enemy's death, or mine.

Poem IX

A Fish Back in Water

-1-

Here I am, facing the sea of Beirut once more,
Hoping to renew my friendship with its fishes and birds,
And my dialogue with the colour blue
After a long, debilitating thirst,
Giddying distances,
And the siege of arid times.

-2-

Here I am, leaping up like a fish
On Al-Uza'i beach
And lying on the warm sand
After a hundred years of sleeping on a bed of sorrow.

-3-

Here I am, breaking down the walls of memory
And stepping into the city that has taught me

How to read the book of liberty,

Explore the scope of my dreams

And the dimensions of my womanhood.

-4-

It is not true

That Beirut is bounded by the sea on the east

And by the mountains on the west.

It is a boundless city,

Just like a dream, like poetry and liberty.

-5-

It is not true

That Beirut is just another poem of the Mediterranean Sea;

Beirut is all the poetry there is.

-6-

Beirut put kohl in my eyes,

Perfumed me,

Made me beautiful

And adorned my wrist with a gold bracelet

Which I never took off
For more than thirty years.

-7-

Beirut planted a rose in my hair
And its petals and leaves have retained their moisture
For more than thirty years.

-8-

Beirut gave me the keys to poetry
And the lamp of culture;
The lamp is still shining in my room
As it has done for more than thirty years

-9-

In the Sixties
I was like a desert palm waiting for the rain,
Like a daisy
Looking for a pot to hold her;
And in Beirut I found the pot
And washed in the rains of freedom.

-10-

A year after I came to the birthplace of the moon,
I started writing poetry
In the notebook of the moon,
And learning the language of birds in Zahla,

The language of pine trees in Dahour Al-Shuweir,
The language of the snow in mount Sanein,
And the language of the sea in the voice of Fairouz [1].

-11-

And in Alia,
Among the grapevines and cherry trees
And oleanders
I gave birth to my sweetest poem: my son Mubarak.
Lebanon has thus conferred upon me two Degrees that make me proud:
A degree in the art of living;
And another in motherhood.

1. Great Lebanese singer, highly appreciated all over the Arab world and in parts of Europe.

-12-

Our house in Al-Yarza has taught me
How to make the trees my friends,
How to wash with the music of the rain
And relish the night symphony of the crickets.

-13-

The war could not defeat Lebanon:
It could not crush the Lebanese dream,
Quench the Lebanese glow,
Or quash the Lebanese power to excel.
It could not clip the wings of its ambition,
Or silence its beautiful voice,
Or assassinate the pride of its pines and the splendour of its ballads.

-14-

The war could not
Silence Gibran's (2) voice,
Or Elias Abu Shabaka's (3),

2. Famous Lebanese émigré poet of the early 20th Century.
3. Famous Lebanese émigré poet of the early 20th Century.

Or Al-Akhtal Al-Saghir's [4].

It could perhaps burn down stone

And concrete

And put out the street lamps,

But it certainly could never extinguish the civilization of

Sidon and Sur [5]

Or stop Cadmus from sailing in search of the impossible [6].

-15-

Seventeen years have passed since the great fire of Beirut.

But Beirut has proved greater than its death,

Greater than those who destroyed and burned her;

Seventeen years in the blazing fire,

And she still glows under the ashes

Like a gold nugget.

4. Al-Akhtal al-Saghir was the pen-name used by Bishara El-Khori.
5. Sur is otherwise known as Tyre and in modern Lebanese Arabic, Sidon is known as Saida.
6. In Greek mythology, a Phoenician prince who killed a dragon and planted its teeth, from which sprang a multitude of warriors who fought among themselves until only five remained, who joined Cadmus to found Thebes.

Poem X

I Am a Thousand Times More Beautiful

-1-

Because you like long, black hair,
The women of Asia have let the curtains of night down their backs
In your honour, O king,
And have forsworn the cutting of hair.

-2-

Because you like dark brown complexions,
They have bathed in the sun to welcome you
As you ride in on the horse of passion.

-3-

Because you like the natural look of my face,
The women of Asia have washed their faces
In the tropical rains

And bathed in rose water
In your honour.
And because you like my face to look natural as the morning lily,
God has worked wonders painting the face of Singapore.

-4-

And because you love me
The world has grown larger,
The sky vaster,
The sea bluer,
The birds freer,
And I, a thousand times more beautiful.

Poem XI

Your Voice Is My Home

-1-

The sheets of your moonlike voice wrap me round
Like a little girl hugging her new toy
On the eve of the 'Eid.

-2-

Your voice is a nightingale, a summer,
A Swiss forest.
Your voice is firewood, candles
And smouldering embers.

-3-

Your voice is a warm, woolen shawl
Which I wear on cold and frosty nights.
Your voice is an umbrella, a rain cloud, a book of poetry.
Your voice is the shoulder I lean on.
Your voice is my home.

Poem XII

Symphony in Gray

-1-

My loved ones,
I would have liked to read you
Some love poetry tonight.
For a woman, whatever her age,
Race,
Or colour,
Is always intoxicated by any talk of love.
I would have liked to carry you away for a few seconds
From the kingdom of sand to the kingdom of grass.
My loved ones,
I would have liked to make you hear
Something of the heart's music,
But we live in an Arab age
In which the heart has stopped beating.

-2-

My loved ones,

How can I

Turn a blind eye to the plight of a homeland gripped in the fangs of terror?

How can I

Pass over this state of spiritual bankruptcy,

Of national frustration,

Of drought and dearth?

-3-

My loved ones,

I would have liked to take you into the age of poetry;

But the world, alas, has turned into a wild, demented beast

That devours poetry.

My loved ones,

I hope to learn from you

How a person at the bottom of a well can sing of freedom.

I hope to learn from you

How a rose can grow on the tree of oppression.

I hope to learn from you

How a bard can sing his poems

As he rotates like a chicken on a spit over coals.

-4-

My loved ones,

This is neither the age of poetry nor of poets:

For how can corn grow out of the bodies of the poor?

Can a rose grow out of the gallows?

Or the eyes of the dead

Put forth red flowers?

Can a poem rise out of the shambles of history

Or a drop of water leak out of the memory of metal?

-5-

Like the grains of Chinese rice

The features of killers are alike everywhere:

A corpse bewails a corpse,

A skull laments over another skull,

The shoe of an unknown victim lies buried next to the shoe of another,

And no one knows anything about the tomb of Al-Hallaj

Since half of those murdered in the history of thought

Remain nameless.

Poem XIII

Beirut : Once a Rose, Now a Cause

-1-

Beirut, poem of all poems,
Rose of the sea, island of dreams,
All my beautiful days traced
In the sand, on the sea shells and clouds...
Love letters carried on the wings of doves...
My long hair spread out
On the Rosha rock, the Yarza beach,
And the white sails...
The joy of losing myself, like a child, in Al-Hamra street.

-2-

I arrive from Kuwait
Like a tired palm tree that needs to rest.
I come to the house which has fed me its bread,
To the breast that has suckled me.

I come to you longing
To thank the letter of the alphabet that has educated me,
To thank the sea which
To the borders of the sun has sent me.

-3-

In Beirut, I seek
The colour of my eyes, the measure of my height.
I look for the good, old days and for my memories.
I look for my first letters,
My first relationships,
My first dates
And all the love poems which my tribe denounces.

-4-

I come to Beirut
To meet my friend the sea,
To meet my friend the muse,
For when Beirut is away,
There are no beautiful poems to read,
And not even a piece of decent prose.

And when Beirut is out of sight,
One loses sight of life.

-5-

In Beirut, I look for
My first possessions which I left in my room,
For the poetry volumes that I left crying on the bookshelves,
I wait for the September showers and look for my umbrella,
And the romantic novels I used to stuff secretly into my bag.
Who can give me back my childhood?
Who can restore my memories?

-6-

I come to Beirut
To find my love and loved ones,
To seek the tarweeqa of spiced baked beans at Murawash's,
The coffee vendors on the Corniche,
The manqusha thyme-sprinkled loaf and my favourite newspaper.

-7-

Transparent-eyed Beirut,

Pearl of the sea,

Mare sporting in the playing-fields of freedom,

O rose that has shed its perfumed petals

And become a cause.

-8-

I come to Beirut

To look for the notebook

Where I used to scribble some poetry in the old days.

I look for my notebooks here

Since in my country they have banned paper, ideas and pens.

I search in Beirut for words

To speak back home where speech is forbidden,

Love of any kind is forbidden,

Poetry in any form is forbidden,

And even fasting and prayer.

-9-

In Beirut, I look

For the freedom of love, and my own freedom;

For poetry becomes no city in the world

But Beirut,

And love becomes no city in the world

But Beirut,

And no city in the whole world resembles me

But Beirut.

-10-

How gloriously the days pass in Zahla

And Shattoura

Where the clinking of glasses never stops,

Lovers' eyes never sleep

And poetry keeps a vigil till dawn.

I wish I were like the birds

That fly in yearning, at every moment, to the land of the Levant.

-11-

In Beirut, I feel a different woman

In this male-dominated age

Which once blocked my mind,

And another, my womanhood.

I come to Beirut to be alive for just one day

And keep a date with my freedom.

-12-

I come to you today, Beirut,
To get away from my mental anxiety,
The pressures of national calamities
And the fallacy of peace.
I come from a land terribly backward,
Deeply split
And irreparably fragmented..
I come to you from a culture of selling and buying
Ruled over by benighted intellectuals.

-13-

I come to you today, Beirut,
Walking through a minefield,
Fleeing cities that have incinerated their history,
Abandoned the principles of Arab civilization
And forsaken those of Islam.

-14-

I come to the south of Lebanon
Where the land puts forth lemons, olives

And heroes

And sprouts pride, chivalry and men.

I come to the south of Lebanon

To kiss the swords, the horses and the blades;

And all the while a question hangs on my lips:

Has this spot become the sole base of resistance in the Arab world?

Poem IV

Symphony of the Land

-1-

This is the symphony of the great land.
It strikes on
And on
Like the blows of fate:
One blow in Bethlehem,
Another in Gaza,
A third in Nazareth.
It has turned the wheel of fortune against us
And knocked us off our feet.

With a lightning stroke, it has swept away the names of all the leaders,
Sealed with sealing-wax the dens of all politicians
And all the dope joints,
And slaughtered all the cowardly, bovine party.
Retire, therefore, all poet laureates,

For the poetry we know, no longer acknowledges masters or princes;
It knows only one prince: the stone-thrower.

-2-

This is the symphony of the glorious land
Striking on and on
Like the peals of bells,
The rhythmic beats of a poem,
And bringing us lightning and rain.
It has set fire to the papers of all the literati,
Knocked out the teeth of all orators
And summarily dispatched them to hell.
Roll out the carpets, then, and sprinkle them with roses
In honour of the Intifada children, the stone-throwers [1],
And shower them with flowers,
For they have proved that Israel is only a house of glass
And it has been shattered.

---

1. Intifadah is the Arabic word for the Palestinian uprising.

-3-

The news arrive like fluttering butterflies,

One item after another,

Reporting a stone thrown, then another,

And heaping corn, oleander flowers and roses on our eyelids.

Behold our children,

Carrying the sun in their satchels,

Creating the times to come, hunting the thunder

And rebelliously rejecting the legacy of of 'Ad and Thamud.

Behold our own flesh and blood

Exploding the Hebrew Age,

Consigning the Ten Commandments to the fire,

And abolishing Jewish mythology.

-4-

How wonderful,

O, how wonderful

To see the land at last speaking

And the trees walking.

There they are, sprouting like grass

In all the streets:

This girl looks like a sprig of wild mint,

And that boy like the moon.

Behold them marching in lines towards death,

Like field-sparrows,

And returning to their tents with fingerless hands.

Leave your doors open then,

Late into the night, and wait:

The Messiah may come

Or you may glimpse among their ranks

The face of Ali [(2)]

Or Omar [(3)].

---

2. Ali was Prophet Mohamed's cousin and right hand in the early years of Islam and slept in the Prophet's bed to delude his enemies when the Prophet left for Yathreb to escape persecution, thus putting his life at great risk. Later he became the Prophet's son-in-law when he married his daughter, Fatima. Years after the Prophet's death, he became the fourth Caliph of Muslims after Abu Bakr, Omar Ibn Al-Khattab and Othman Ibn Affan. He is highly venerated by all Muslims, but especially so by the Shi'ites.
3. Omar Ibn Al-Khattab was the third Caliph of Muslims after Prophet Mohamed's death and was reputed for his frugality and justice.

-5-

Resist, beautiful hands,

Resist, tender hands still moist

With the sap of childhood.

Never heed the tribe's lies.

We could not liberate a single handspan of the land of Palestine,

But those blessed, Heaven-sent hands have set us free.

Contents

سعاد الصباح

خذني الى حدود الشمس

شعر



هذي بلادٌ لا تريدُ امرأةً...
تمشي أمامَ القافلة...
« سعاد »

كلُّ عملٍ مجيد وعظيم أساسه المرأة.

« لامارتين »

أعظمُ مخلوقٍ هي المرأة إذا عرفت قدر نفسها.

« جلادستون »

الرجلُ نثرُ الخالق ، والمرأةُ شعرُه .

« نابليون »

إبحث عن قلب أيِّ امرأة تجدْ أمًّا .

« ميشليه »

التـخرّج

أيُّها السيّدُ المخبوءُ في ساعةِ معصمي ...
أيُّها المتحالفُ مَعَ الوقتِ ضدّي ...
والمتحالفُ مع أساوري ضدّي ..
ومع أهدابي .. وأثوابي ..
وطلاءِ أظافري ضدّي ..
أيُّها المتآمرُ مع كتبي .. وأوراقي ..
ورائحة القهوة ضدّي ..
ليتكَ تأخذ إجازَتَكْ

فالوقتُ معك لا يُحْتَملْ
والوقتُ بدونِكَ لا يُحْتَملْ
والزمنُ لا يأخذُ شكلَه النهائيّ
إلّا عندما يمرُّ من بين أصابعكْ..

* * *

وأنا.. لا أكتملْ
إلّا عندما أتخرّج من بين أصابعِكْ..



حرائق على الثلـج...

1

يا الذي لا يُشْبِهُ رجلًا
ولا يُشبِهُهُ رجلْ
مرآتي أنتْ...
فما أجملَ وَجْهي.

2

الثلجُ في «مِجيفْ»
أسودُ.. أسودْ.
والمتزحلقونَ على الجليد
يتزحلقونَ على أسلاكِ أعصابي.
«مِجيفُ» ترفضُ أن تستقبلَني
وترفضُ أن تكلّمَني..
وترفضُ أن تعترفَ بشرعيّتي
إلا وأنا متعلّقة بذراعكَ اليُسْرَى.
فهل يمكنُ أن تَردَّ إليَّ اعتباري
في هذه القرية الفرنسيّة الجميلة
التي اختارتكَ رئيساً لبلديتها؟..

3

أيُّها الرجلُ
الذي أخذَ خرائطَ الثلج في جيبهْ
وتركني أتزَلّجُ على ثلج أحزاني .
أيّها الرجلُ الذي شربَ كلَّ قهوةِ فرنسا
وتركني أشربُ دموعي .
إنني هنا عاطلةٌ عن الفَرَحْ . .
وعاطلةٌ عن الحُبّ . .
وعاطلةٌ عن أُنوثتي .

4

شوارعُ « مِجيفْ » مضرّجةٌ برائحةِ صوتِكْ .
وكراسي المقاهي . . محجوزةٌ على اسمكْ . .
وجُبْن منطقة « السافوا » . . لا طعمَ له بعدَكْ . .
وآثارُ أقدامِكَ على الثلج . .
محفورةٌ على جدرانِ الذاكرَةْ . .
فأعِدْ إليَّ يا سيّدي . .
خرائطَ المدينةْ . .

5

السّاعةُ تدقُّ
وأجراسُ أحزاني تدقُّ معها
ورياحُ الألب تنزعُ قُبَّعَةَ الصوفِ عن رأسي..
والثلجُ يحرقُني بنارهْ.
وأنتَ تمرُّ في شراييني.
شرياناً.. شرياناً
شِبْراً.. شِبْراً
زاويةً.. زاويةْ..
موقعاً.. موقعاً..
السّاعةُ تدقُّ
وأنا مُدجَّجةٌ بالعشقِ حتى أسناني.
فيا أيُّها المختبئُ في أهدابِ غمامهْ
فلتهمرْ روعةَ أمطاركْ.
فأيامي تتشقَّقُ عَطَشاً..

6

أيّها الفارسُ الذي يلفُّني بعبارَةِ رُجُولتهْ.
من شمالي، حتى جنوبي..
من شفتي، حتى خاصرتي..
يا مَنْ يكتبُ قصائدَ العشق على تضاريسِ أيامي
قلبي فاكهةٌ تنتظرُ القطّافْ
ومَسَاماتي مفتوحةٌ لمراكبكَ القادمةِ مع الريح
فيا أيُّها البحّارُ الذي شقَّقَ ملحُ البحرِ شفتيهْ.
أنا مملكةٌ من النساءْ
فازْرَعْ مِرساتكَ على سواحلِ وجداني..
وامنحْني بَرَكاتِ أُبوَّتِكْ
فلا بيتَ إلّا أنتْ.
ولا قبيلةَ إلّا أنتْ.
ولا وَطَنَ أنتسبُ إليه..
إلّا أنتْ.

7

في الرابعة
يرتفعُ بحرُ ولهي ، حتى يهدمَ كلَّ سُدوُدي
ويقتلعَ كلَّ أشجاري ..
ويلغي خُطوطَ لغتي ..
وخطوطَ ذاكرتي .
في الرابعة
أشتعلُ فوق ثلج « مِجيفْ »
كشجرةِ عيدِ ميلادْ
وأصرخُ حتى ينغرسَ صوتي بصوتكْ
وتنغرسَ جذوري في ترابكْ ..
وأصبحَ جزءاً من دورتكَ الدمويَّة ..

8

أيُّها الفارسُ الذي أنتظرُهُ..
منذ بدايةِ التاريخْ
ومنذ بدايةِ الأشياءْ
إنَّ أشجارَ حناني..
وأزهارُ قلبي مُسْتَنفَرَةْ..
وطيوري.. وأسماكي
وأبراجُ فكري.. مُسْتَنفَرَةْ..
فترجَّل عن حصانِك، يا سيِّدي
وقاسمْني
لحظاتِ الشعر.. ولحظاتِ الجنون..

9

ماذا أفعلُ بتراثكَ العاطفيِّ المزروعِ في دمي
كشجرةِ ياسمينْ ؟
ماذا أفعلُ بصوتكَ الذي ينقُرُ كالديكِ
وجهَ شراشفي ؟
ماذا أفعلُ ببَصماتِ ذَوْقِكَ على أثاثِ غرفتي ؟
باللوحاتِ التي انتقَيناهَا معاً
والكُتُبِ التي قرأناها معاً
والتذكاراتِ السياحيّةِ التي لملمناها من مُدنِ العالم
وبالأصدافِ التي جمعناها من شواطئ البحر الكاريبي ؟
قل لي يا سيّدي :
ماذا أفعلُ بهذه التركة الثقيلة من الذكرياتِ
التي تركتَها على كتفيّ ؟
لقد حاولتُ أكثرَ من مرّةٍ . . أن أتخلّصَ منك . .
ومنها
ولكنّني خجلتُ من بَيعِ تاريخي
وبيعِ مشاعري
وبيعِ ضفائري في المزاد العلنيّ

10

إلى أيّة مدينةٍ من مُدنِ العالـم.. سأذهبْ
ومعكَ خرائطُ كُلِّ الأمكنةْ
وفي أيّ مقهى سأجلسْ
وأنتَ احتكرتَ أشجارَ البُنّ
ورائحةَ القهوةْ؟
وبأيّة لغةٍ سوف أتكلّمْ
وبيديْكَ مفاتيحُ لغتي؟..
حاولتُ ترحيلَكَ إلى الوجهِ الثاني منَ القمَرْ
فلما طَلَعَ القمر.. عدتَ مع أشعّتهْ
ووجدتُ وجهَكَ مرسوماً على زُجاجِ نافذتي
حاولتُ أن أرسلكَ إلى أمّكْ
التي علّمتكَ الدّلعَ.. والفَوْضى..
وهوايةَ جمْعِ الطوابعِ
وجَمْعِ النساءْ..
ولكنّها أعادتكَ لي بالبريدِ المضمونْ
مع أطيبِ التمنّياتْ.



أعتذرُ لك...

1

أعتذرُ لكَ يا سيّدي ..

أعتذرُ لكَ يا سيّدي ..

أعتذرُ لكَ .. من أعماقِ القلب ،

ومن تشقّقاتِ الفكر ،

عن الزمنِ الضائع ..

الذي لم تكنْ فيه حبيبي

أعتذرُ لكَ عن الصيفِ والشتاءْ

وعن الخريفِ والربيعْ

وعن كلِّ جزءٍ من أجزاءِ الثانيةْ ..

لم أُخبئكَ به تحت أجفاني

ولم أسقكَ من حليبِ حناني .

2

أعتذرُ لكَ يا سيّدي..
أعتذرُ لكَ عن طفولتي،
التي مرّت بلا لونٍ.. ولا طعمٍ.. ولا رائحة..
فلا قرأتُ خطوطَ يديكَ جيداً..
ولا استوعبتُ رائحةَ شجاعتكَ جيداً..
أعتذرُ.. عن أيامي التي لم تكنْ أياماً،
وتاريخي الذي لم يكنْ تاريخاً
وحدائقي التي كانت لا تُزهر...
وسمائي التي كانت لا تُمطر...

3

أعتذرُ لكَ يا سيّدي...
عن مئة عامٍ من العزلة
لم تطلعْ فيها من فكري
شجرةٌ واحدة...
تُغيّرُ تاريخَ الشجر..
ولا بنفسجةٌ واحدةٌ تغيّرُ تاريخَ البنفسج،
ولا قصيدةٌ واحدةٌ تغيّرُ تاريخَ الشعر.

4

أعتذرُ لكَ يا سيّدي . . .

أعتذرُ لكَ . . . ولو بصورةٍ متأخرة . .

عن المدنِ التي زرتها وحدي . .

وطائرةِ الكونكورد التي سافرتُ بها وحدي . .

والشوارِعِ التي تسكّعتُ فيها وحدي . .

والأمطارِ التي تبلّلتُ بها وحدي . .

والمكتباتِ التي قرأتُ كتبها وحدي . .

أعتذرُ . . لك . . .

عن الفنادقِ الموحشةِ التي دخلتُ إليها وحدي

وبكيتُ بين جدرانها وحدي . . .

أعتذرُ لكَ عن سنواتِ اليُتم العاطفيّ التي عشتُها

قبل أن تكونَ سيّدي . . . ومليكي . . .

5

أعتذرُ لكَ يا سيّدي
أعتذرُ لك للمرّةِ الخمسين..
عن كلِّ زاويةٍ من فكري لم تشملْها برضاك
وكلِّ سنتيمترٍ من شَعْري
لم يدخلْ في قائمةِ ممتلكاتكْ
وكلِّ خيطٍ من ثيابي لم يخضرْ لابتسامتِكْ
أعتذرُ لكَ عن كلِّ الرسائل
التي كتبتُها إليكَ قبلَ ولادتي..
ولم أسلّمْها إليك..
وعن كلِّ الأحلامِ التي رسمتُها بألوانِ الطيف
على جدرانِ رحمِ أُمّي..
ولم تصلْك..
وكلِّ الأسماكِ التي التقطتُها
لكَ من بحيرةِ القمر..
وماتتْ بين يدي.



رجلٌ في الذاكرة...

1

مُشْكلتي معكَ ، لا عَلاقَةَ لها بقلبي
بل بذاكرتي . . .
هذه الذاكرةُ التي تحتلُّها احتلالًا قَسْريًّا
منذُ مئةِ عامْ . . .
دُونَ رضايَ . .
ودُونَ إرادتي . .
ودُونَ أن يكونَ مَعَكَ عَقْدٌ للإيجار . . .

2

منذُ مئةِ عام..
وأنتَ تعيشُ في ذاكرتي
كما لو كانتْ شقَّتَكَ الخُصُوصيَّةْ.
تتمدَّدُ على وَسَائِدها متى تشاءُ...
وتُعلّقُ ثيابكَ في خزائنِها متى تشاءُ...
وتأخُذُ قيلولتَكَ فيها حينَ تشاءُ...
وتستعملُ ثلّاجتَها..
وتصنعُ قهوتَكَ حينَ تشاءُ..

3

منذُ مئةِ عام..
وأنت مُعْربَشٌ كحشائشِ البحرْ
على شواطئ ذاكرتي..
أطلبُ منكَ الهجرةَ.. فلا تُهاجِرْ
وأشتري لكَ بطاقةَ سفرٍ.. فلَا تسافرْ
وأُغلقُ حقائبكَ.. فتفتَحها من جديدْ..
وأطلبُ من البوليس أن يُلقي القبضَ عليكْ..
فيُلقي القبضَ عليّ..

4

منذُ مئةِ عامْ..
وذاكرتي لا تتذكَّرُ رَجُلًا غَيركْ..
ولا تعرفُ من التاريخ، غير تاريخِكْ
ولا تعرفُ من الجغرافيا، غيرَ مساحةِ يديكْ..
ولا تعرفُ من الثقافة.. سوى كلماتِ الحبِّ
التي تكتُبُها على قميصي...

5

منذُ مئةِ عامْ...
وأنا أحاولُ أن أكسرَ دائرةَ الطباشيرْ
التي حَبَسْتَني فيها..
وخبّأتَ مفاتيحَها في جَيْبِكْ...
منذُ مئةِ عامْ...
وأنا أحاولُ أن أقنعَكَ باحترامِ حقوقِ الإنسانْ
وحقوقِ الأُنوثَةْ..
ولكنَّكَ.. ككُلِّ ذُكورِ القبيلَةْ...
بقيتَ مُصِرًّا على الاحتفاظِ بممتلكاتِكْ..
التي لا تغيبُ عنها الشمسْ...
وبقيتَ رافعاً أعلامكَ الحمراء
فوق أسوارِ ذاكرتي...

6

أيُّها الجالسُ مَلِكاً فوقَ عَرْشِ ذاكرتي
حَرِّرني ولو ليومٍ واحدٍ من سُلْطَانِكْ
فكلُّ شارعٍ أمشي فيهِ.. يحملُ اسْمَكْ..
وكلُّ مقهى ألجأُ إليه... يرفُضُني وحدي...
وكلُّ حديقةٍ عامةٍ تُقْفلُ أبوابَها في وجهي...
وكلُّ البوتيكات التي أشتري منها ثيابي
لا تبيعُني شيئاً... قبلَ أن أستشيرَكْ...
فاخْرُجْ من تحت جلْدي
حتى أعيشَ حياتي بصورةٍ طبيعيَّةْ..
وأتنفَّسَ بصورةٍ طبيعيَّةْ.

7

إنّني أحملُكَ في داخلي
كامرأةٍ في شهرها التاسعْ...
فكيفَ أتخلّصُ منكْ ؟
كيفَ أقطعُ حَبْلَ مشيمتي مَعَكْ
وأنت مُشْتَبِكٌ ككرُةِ الصّوفْ
بأحلامي ، ورغباتي ، وجهازي العصبيّ ؟
كيفَ أتركُكَ على قارعةِ الطريق
تحتَ الثلجِ والمطر ، والأعاصيرْ..
وأنت أوّلُ طفلٍ ولدتُهُ..
وآخرُ طفلٍ سوفَ ألِدُهْ ؟..

8

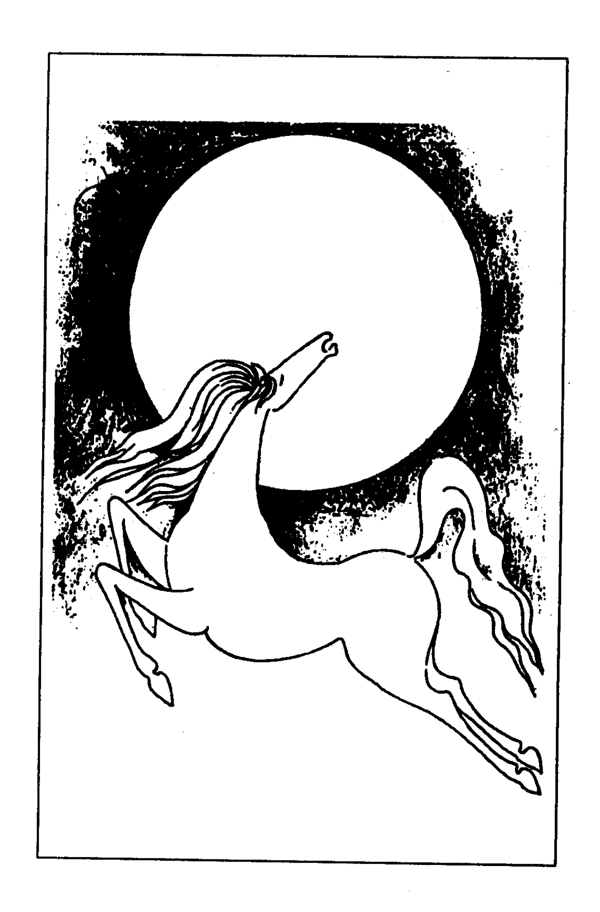
لقد سقَطَ جدارُ برلين ، يا سيِّدي
وسقطتْ حجارةُ العالم القديمْ .
وتحرَّرتْ جنوبُ إفريقيا من حكمِ الرّجُلِ الأبيضْ . .
بعد ثلاثمئة عامْ . .
فلماذا ، يا أيُّها الرجُلُ الأبيضْ
تواصلُ احتلالَ ذاكرتي ؟
لماذا تزرعُ الألغام في ذاكرتي ؟
والحرائقَ تحت مخدّتي ؟

9

كيف أقتلعُكَ من ذاكرتي
وأنتَ متشبّثٌ بها
كما تتشبّثُ الشُعَبُ المرجانيَّةُ
بصخورِ البحر الأحمر؟...

10

يا أيُّها المستأجرُ الأبديُّ لمشاعري
اذهبْ إلى أيِّ فندقٍ تشاء...
وأنا سأدفعُ أجرةَ إقامتِكْ...
ادخلْ إلى أيِّ مقهى تختارُه...
وأنا سأدفعُ ثمنَ قهوتِكْ..
تزوَّجْ من أيّة امرأةٍ تعجبُكْ
وأنا سأدفعُ لك المَهرْ!!!



خُذْنـي إلـى حدود الشمس...

1

قُلْ لي . قُلْ لي
هل أحببتَ امرأةً قَبْلي ؟
تفقِدُ ، حين تكونُ بحالة حُبٍّ
نُورَ العقلِ . . .

2

قُلْ لي. قُلْ لي
كيف تصيرُ المرأةُ - حين تُحِبُّ -
شُجَيْرَةَ فُلٍّ؟
قُلْ لي
كيف يكونُ الشَّبَهُ الصارخُ
بينَ الأصْلِ، وبينَ الظِّلِّ
بينَ العين، وبينَ الكُحْلِ؟
كيف تصيرُ امرأةٌ عن عَاشقِها
نُسْخَةَ حُبٍّ.. طِبْقَ الأصْلِ؟..

3

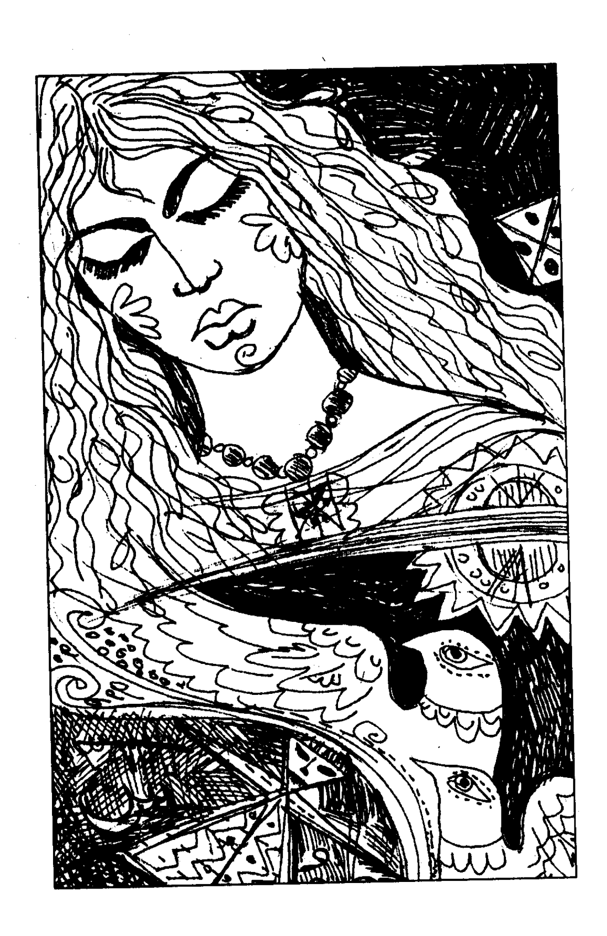
قُلْ لي لغةً ..
لم تسمَعْهَا امرأةٌ غيري ..
خُذْني .. نحو جزيرةِ حُبٍّ ..
لم يسكُنْها أحدٌ غيري ..
خُذْني نحو كلامٍ خلفَ حدودِ الشِّعْرِ
قُلْ لي : إنّي الحبُّ الأوَّلْ
قُلْ لي : إنّي الوعدُ الأوَّلْ
قَطِّرْ ماءَ حنانِكَ في أذُنيَّا
إزرَعْ قمراً في عينيَّا
إنَّ عبارةَ حُبٍّ منكَ ..
تُساوي الدنيا ...

4

يا مَنْ يسكنُ مثلَ الوردةِ في أعماقي
يا مَنْ يلعبُ مثلَ الطفلِ على أحداقي
أنتَ غريبٌ في أطوارِكَ مثل الطفلِ
أنتَ عنيفٌ مثلَ الموجِ ،
وأنتَ لطيفٌ مثلَ الرمل..
لا تَتَضايقْ من أشواقي
كرِّرْ . كرِّر اسْمي دوماً
في ساعات الفجر.. وفي ساعات الليل
قد لا أُتقنُ فنَّ الصمت.. فسامِحْ جهلي..
فتّشْ. فتّشْ في أرجاء الأرض
فما في العالم أُنثى مثلي...

5

أنتَ حبيبي. لا تترُكْني
أشربُ صبري مثلَ النَّخْلِ..
إنّي أنتَ..
فكيف أُفرِّقُ.. بين الأصلِ، وبين الظِّلِّ؟



رائحةُ صوتك...

1

تدورُ المقاهي حولَ نفسها..
تدور كلماتُكَ حولَ أُنوثتي..
تدور الذكرياتُ حولَ عنقي..
أهربُ من رائحةِ صوتِك..
إلى غرفتي.

2

يا هذا الذي احتكرَ جغرافية العالم..
اتركْ إقليماً صغيراً في فكري..
لا يخضعُ لاستعمارِكْ..
اتركْ قلعةً واحدةً من قلاعي...
لا ترفرفُ فوقها أعلامُكْ.

3

أيا رجل الكبريتِ والنار
أعجنِّي كقطعةِ صلصال..
ارسمْني..
هضبةً من الفضَّة...
وهضبةً من الذهب..
وحبّةً من اللوز..
وحبةً من المانغو..
ارسمْني على صورتك..
فأنا لا أعترفُ بأية صورةٍ لي
لا تحملُ توقيعَك



سأبقى أُحِبُّكَ...

1

أُحِبُّكَ . . .

رَغْمَ أُلوفِ العُيُوبِ الصغيرةِ فيكَ

وأعرفُ أنَّكَ لا تستحقُّ عَطائي .

وأرمي بنفسي على ساعديكَ

ولا أتذكّرُ أين أمامي . .

وأين ورائي . .

2

أُحِبُّكَ . . .

حتى حُدُودِ السَّذَاجةِ

حتى حُدُودِ الغباءِ . .

وأعرفُ أني سأغْرَقُ في آخرِ الأمر ،

في شِبْرِ ماءِ . .

فسامحْ غَبَائي . .

3

أُحِبُّكَ جدّاً..

وأعرفُ أنَّ مزاجَكَ

غَيْمٌ.. وبَرْقٌ.. ورَعْدٌ..

وأني تزوّجتُ فَصْلَ الشتاءِ

وأعرفُ أنَّ التقدُّمَ صَعْبٌ

وأنَّ التراجُعَ صَعْبٌ

وأنَّ بحارَكَ دون ابتداءٍ..

ودون انتهاءٍ..

أُحِبُّكَ جدّاً

وأعلَمُ علمَ اليقين

بأنّي أؤسّسُ مملكةً في الهواءِ...

4

أُحِبُّكَ جدّاً..
وأعرفُ أني سأقتحمُ المستحيلْ
وألْمِسُ سَقْفَ السماءِ
أُحِبُّكَ حتى التهوُّرِ
حتى التبخُّرِ
حتى التقمُّصِ فيكَ
وحتى فَنائي.

5

أُحِبُّكَ.. من دونِ قيدٍ.. ومن دونِ شرطٍ
وأعرفُ أنّي تجاوزتُ كلَّ الخُطُوطِ..
وأحْرَقْتُ نِصْفَ البلادِ ورائي.
أُحِبُّكَ.. من دون أيِّ حسابٍ
وأعرفُ منذُ البدايةِ
أنّي سألقى جَزَائي..

6

أُحِبُّكَ جداً

وكم كنتُ أرغبُ أن لا أُحبَّك

لكنّها نُقْطَةُ الضَّعْفِ عند جميعِ النساءِ

ففي حالةِ العشْقِ..

لسنا نفرِّق بين السُّفُوحِ

وبين الهضابِ

وبين السُّطُورِ وبين الكتابِ

وبين الثَّوابِ وبين العقابِ

وفي حالة الشَّوْقِ..

لسنا نفَرِّقُ بين النَّبِي وبين المُرابي

أُحِبُّكَ جداً..

فهل يا تُراني، أُحبُّ خَرَابي.

7

أيا أيُّها الديكتاتورُ الصغيرْ
أنا لا ألومُكَ مهما فعلتْ
ومهما قمعتَ شُعُوري
ومهما كسرتَ خيالي..
ومهما بطشتْ
فلم تَكُ يوماً قويّاً
لكنَّ ضَعْفي خلَّاكَ تُحْسَبُ في الأقوياءِ
ولَمْ تَكُ يوماً كبيراً
ولكنْ أنا..
قد رفعتُكَ بالحبِّ نحو السَّمَاءِ...

8

أيا سيِّدي:
لا تؤاخِذْ جُنوني
فإنّي بدائيّةُ النزواتْ
وعشقيَ - مثلي - بِدائي
سأبقى أُحِبُّكَ
مهما ضجرتَ
ومهما صرختَ
ومهما احْتَجَجْتَ
ومهما أردتَ التحرُّرَ من كُحْليَ العربيِّ..
ومن شعريَ الكسْتَنائيِّ..
سأبقى أُحِبُّكَ
حتى تسيلَ دماكَ
وحتى تسيلَ دمائي...



ليلةُ القبض على فاطمة...

1

هذي بلادٌ تَخْتِنُ القصيدةَ الأُنْثى .
وتَشْنُقُ الشمسَ لَدَى طُلُوعِها
حِفْظاً لأمنِ العائلَهْ ..
وتذبَحُ المرأةَ إن تكلَّمَتْ ..
أو فكَّرَتْ ..
أو كتَبَتْ ..
أو عَشِقَتْ .
غَسْلاً لِعارِ العائلَهْ ..

2

هذي بلادٌ لا تُريدُ امْرأةً رافضةً..
ولا تُريدُ امْرأةً غاضبةً
ولا تُريدُ امْرأةً خارجةً
على طُقُوسِ العائلَهْ
هذي بلادٌ لا تُريدُ امرأةً..
تمشي أمامَ.. القافلَهْ..

3

هذي بلادٌ أَكَلَتْ نِساءَها.

واضْطَجَعتْ سعيدةً..

تحتَ سِياطِ الشمسِ والهَجيرْ

هذي بلادُ الواق والواقْ.. التي تُصادرُ التفكيرْ

وتَذبحُ المرأةَ في فراشِ العُرْسِ.. كالبَعيرْ...

وتَمنعُ الأسماكَ أن تسبحَ...

والطُّيورَ أن تطيرْ.

هذي بلادٌ تَكرهُ الوردةَ إن تفتَّحتْ

وتَكرهُ العبيرْ

ولا تَرى في الحُلْمِ إلا الجِنْسَ.. والسريرْ..

4

هذي بلادٌ أغلقتْ سماءَها..

وحنَّطَتْ نساءَها..

فالوجهُ فيها عَوْرَةٌ

والصَّوْتُ فيها عَوْرَةٌ

والفِكرُ فيها عَوْرَةٌ

والشِّعْرُ فيها عَوْرَةٌ

والحُبُّ فيها عَوْرَةٌ

والقَمَرُ الأخضرُ، والرسائلُ الزرقاءْ

5

هذه بلادٌ أَلْغَتِ الرَّبيعَ من حسابِها
وألَغتِ الشتاءْ..
وألَغتِ العيونَ.. والبُكَاءْ..
هذي بلادٌ هَرَبتْ من عقلِها
واخْتارتِ الإغماءْ..

6

ماذا تُريدُ المُدنُ النائمةُ .. الكسولةُ .. الغافلةُ منّي ..

أنا الجارحةُ .. الكاسِرةُ .. المُقاتلَةْ ؟

إن كان عقلي ما يُريدونَ ،

فلا يُسعدُني بأن أكونَ عاقلَةْ ..

ما تَفعلُ المرأةُ في أمطارِها ؟

ما تفعلُ المرأةُ في أنهارِها ؟

كيف تُرى يُمكنُها أن تزرعَ الوردَ

على هذي الجُرُودِ القاحلَةْ ؟

7

ماذا من المرأةِ يبتغونَ في بلادِنا ؟
يَبْغُونَها مَسْلُوقةً ..
يَبْغُونَها مَشْوِيّةً ..
يَبْغُونَها معجونةً بشَحْمِها ولَحْمِها
يَبْغُونَها عَروُسةً من سُكّرٍ ..
جاهزةً لِلوصلِ كلَّ لحظةٍ
يَبْغُونَها صغيرةً .. وجاهلَهْ
هذي هي الوصايا العَشْر ..
في حفْظِ تُراثِ العائلهْ ..

8

معذرةً.. معذرةً..

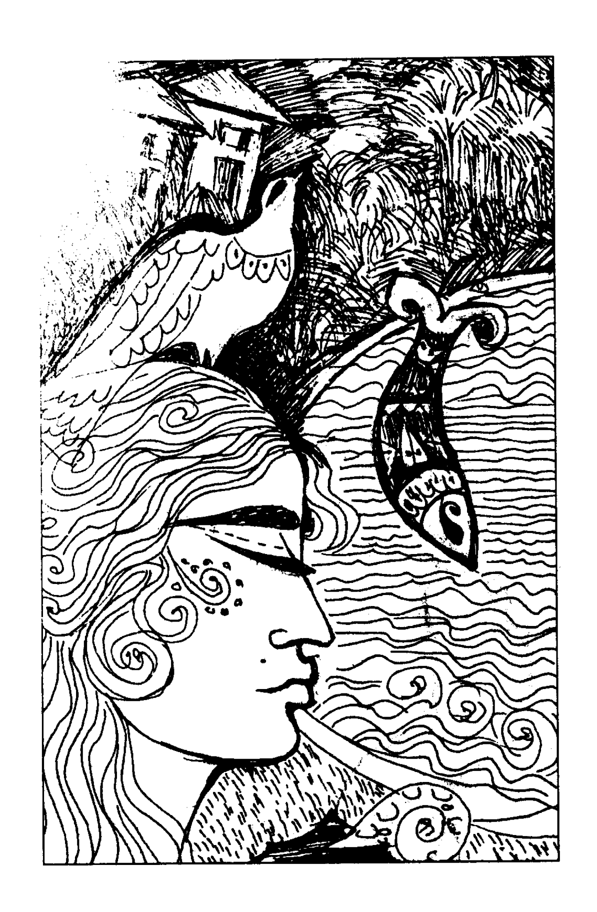
لن أتخلّى قطُّ عن أظافري

فسوف أبقى دائماً

أمشي أمامَ القافلَهْ..

وسوف أبقى دائماً.

مقتولةً. أو قاتِلَهْ.



السمكةُ تعود إلى بحرِها...

1

هاأنذا أمام بحرِ بيروت
لأستعيدَ صَداقتي مع الطيورِ والأَسماكْ
وحواري مع اللونِ الأزرق..
بعدما أرهقَني العطشْ..
ودوّختني المسافاتْ..
وحاصرني الزمنُ اليابسْ

2

هاأنذا أقفزُ كسمكة
على شاطئ الأوزاعي
وأنامُ على الرملِ الدافئ
بعد مئةِ عامٍ من النومِ على سريرِ الأحزان

3

هاأنذا أكسرُ جدران ذاكرتي
وأدخلُ المدينة التي علّمتني
كيف أقرأُ كتابَ الحريّة
وكيف أكتشفُ فضاء أحلامي
وأبعادَ أنوثتي ؟

4

ليس صحيحا...
أنَّ بيروت يحدُّها البحرُ من الشرق
والجبالُ من الغرب
إنها مدينةٌ لا نهايات لها..
تمامًا كالحلمِ.. والشِّعر.. والحريّة

5

ليس صحيحا..
أنَّ بيروت هي إحدى قصائدِ البحرِ الأبيضِ المتوسط
بيروت هي الشِّعرُ كلّه...

6

بيروت كحّلتني
وعطّرتني
وجمّلتني..
وألبستني سواراً من الذهب...
لم أخلعْهُ من معصمي...
منذ أكثر من ثلاثينَ عاما...

7

بيروت زرعتْ في شعري وردة...
لم تزلْ أوراقُها مبلّلة...
منذ أكثر من ثلاثينَ عاما...

8

بيروت أعطتني مفاتيحَ الشِّعر..
وقنديلَ الثقافة...
ولا يزالُ القنديلُ يتوهّجُ في غرفتي...
منذ أكثر من ثلاثينَ عاما...

9

في الستّينات..
كنتُ كنخلةٍ صحراويّة تنتظرُ المطر
كزهرةِ أقحوان..
تبحثُ عن إناءٍ يحتويها...
وفي بيروت وجدتُ الإناء..
واغتسلتُ بمطرِ الحريّة...

10

بعد عامٍ على وصولي إلى موطنِ القمر
بدأتُ أكتبُ شعرا
على دفترِ القمر..
وبدأت أتعلّمُ لغة العصافيرِ في (زحلة)
ولغةَ الصنوبرِ في (ضهور الشوير)
ولغةَ الثلجِ في جبلِ (صنين)
ولغةَ البحرِ في صوتِ فيروز..

11

وفي مدينةِ (عاليه)..
وبين كرومِ العنبِ وأشجارِ الكرز
وأزهار الدفلى..
أنجبتُ أحلى قصائدي (مبارك)
وهكذا أعطاني لبنان شهادتينِ أفتخرُ بهما..
شهادةَ الحياة..
وشهادةَ الأمومة..

12

علّمني بيتُنا في (اليرزة)
كيف أصادقُ الشجر
وكيف أغتسلُ بموسيقى المطر
وكيف أتذوّقُ سمفونيّةَ الصراصيرِ الليليّة...

13

لم تستطعِ الحربُ أن تنتصرَ على لبنان
لم تستطعْ أن تنتصرَ على الحلمِ اللبناني...
والتوهُّجِ اللبنانيّ...
والتفوُّقِ اللبنانيّ..
لم تستطعْ أن تقصَّ أجنحةَ طموحِه...
أو توقفَ صهيلَهُ الجميل...
أو تغتالَ كبرياءَ أرزِه.. وروعةَ مواويلِه...

14

لم تستطعِ الحرب..
أن تُسكتَ صوتَ جبران..
أو صوتَ الياس أبي شبكة...
أو صوت الأخطل الصغير...
ربما استطاعتِ الحربُ أن تحرقَ الحجر..
والإسمنت..
وأن تطفئَ قناديلَ الشوارع
ولكنّها بالتأكيدِ لم تستطعْ أن تطفئَ حضارةَ
صيدون وصور...
أو تمنعَ قدموسَ من الإبحارِ إلى المستحيل..

15

سبعةَ عشرَ عاما.. مرّت على حريقِ بيروت..
ولا تزالُ أكبرَ من موتها..
وأكبر ممّن دمّروها.. وأحرقوها..
سبعةَ عشرَ عاما تحتَ ألسنةِ اللهيب.
ولا تزالُ تتوهّجُ تحتَ الرماد..
كسبيكةِ الذَّهب...



أنا ألفُ مرّةٍ أجمل...

1

لأنكَ تُحبُّ الشَّعرَ الأسودَ الطويل
فإنْ الآسيوياتْ
أسدلنَ ستائرَ الليلِ على ظهورهِنّ
تحيةً لكَ أيها المليكْ
وأضربْنَ عن قصِّ شعورِهِنّ

2

لأنكَ تُحِبُّ اللونَ الأسْمرَ المحروق
فقد اغتسلنَ بالشمسِ حتى يستقبلْنَك
أيها القادمُ على حِصانِ العِشقْ

3

لأنكَ تُحِبُّ وجهي طبيعياً
فإنّ النساءَ غسلْنَ وجوهَهُنَّ..
بمياهِ الأمطارِ الاستوائية..
وتَحَمَّمْنَ بماءِ الوردْ
إكراماً لعينيك
ولأنكَ تُحِبُّ وجهي طبيعياً كزنبقةِ الصباحْ
فإنّ اللهَ أبدعَ في رسمِ وجهِ سنغافوره

4

ولأنكَ تُحِبُّني
فإنّ العالمَ صارَ أكبرْ
والسماءَ أوسعْ
والبحرَ أكثرَ زُرقةْ
والعصافيرَ أكثرَ حريّةْ
وأنا ألفَ... ألفَ مرةٍ أجمل



صوتُك بيتـي...

1

أتغطّى بشراشفِ صوتِكَ القَمَريّ
كما تحتضنُ طفلةٌ لُعبَتها
في ليلةِ العيد...

2

صوتُكَ بلبلٌ... وصيف
وغاباتٌ سويسريّة...
صوتُك.. أحطابٌ... وشموعٌ
وفحمٌ مشتعل...

3

صوتُكَ شالٌ منَ الصُّوف...

أَلبِسُه في ليالي البردِ والصقيعْ

صوتُكَ مظلّةٌ... وغمامةٌ... وديوانُ شعر...

صَوتُكَ كَتِف...

صَوتُكَ بيتي...



السمفونـيّة الرماديَّة...

1

يا أحبابي :
كانَ بوُدّي أن أُسْمِعَكُمْ
هذي الليلةَ ، شيئاً من أشعارِ الحُبّ
فالمرأةُ في كلِّ الأعمارِ ،
ومن كلِّ الأجناسِ ،
ومن كلِّ الألوانِ
تدوخُ أمامَ كلامِ الحُبّ
كان بِودّي أن أسْرُقَكُمْ بِضْعَ ثوانٍ
من مملكةِ الرَّمْلِ ، إلى مملكةِ العُشْبْ
يا أحبابي :
كان بودّي أن أُسْمِعَكُمْ
شيئاً من موسيقى القلبْ
لكنَّا في عصرٍ عربيٍّ
فيهِ توقّفَ نَبْضُ القلبْ . . .

2

يا أحبابي :

كيف بوُسْعي

أن أتجاهلَ هذا الوطَنَ الواقعَ في أنياب الرُّعْبْ ؟

كيفَ بوُسْعَي

أن أتجاوزَ هذا الإفلاسَ الروحيَّ

وهذا الإحباطَ القوميَّ

وهذا القَحْطَ ... وهذا الجَدْبْ ؟

3

يا أحبابي :

كان بودّي أن أُدخِلَكُمْ زَمَنَ الشِّعرْ

لكنَّ العالَم . واأَسَفَاهُ . تَحوَّلَ وحشاً مجنوناً

يَفْتَرِسُ الشِّعرْ . .

يا أحبابي :

أرجو أن أتعلَّمَ منكُمْ

كيف يُغنّي للحريّةِ مَنْ هُوَ في أعماقِ البئرْ ؟

أرجُو أنْ أتعلَّمَ منكُمْ

كيفَ الوردةُ تنمُو من أَشْجَارِ القهرْ ؟

أرجو أن أتعلّمَ منكُمْ

كيف يقولُ الشاعرُ شِعْراً

وهو يُقلَّبُ مثلَ الفَرْخَةِ فوقَ الجمرْ ؟

4

يا أحبابي :
لا هذا عصرُ الشِّعْرِ ، ولا عصرُ الشُّعَراءْ
هل يَنْبُتُ قمحٌ من جَسَدِ الفقراءْ ؟
هل يَنْبُتُ وردٌ من مِشْنَقَةٍ ؟
أم هل تَطْلَعُ من أحداقِ الموتى
أزهارٌ حمراء ؟
هل تَطْلَعُ من تاريخِ القَتْلِ قصيدةُ شعرٍ ؟
أم هل تخرُجُ من ذاكرةِ المَعْدِنِ يوماً قطرةُ ماءْ ؟

5

تتشابهُ كالرُّزِّ الصينيِّ...
تقاطيعُ القَتَلَهْ
مقتولٌ يبكي مقتولًا
جُمْجُمةٌ تَرْثي جُمْجُمةً
وحذاءٌ يُدفَنُ قُرْبَ حذاءْ
لا أحدٌ يعرِفُ شيئاً عن قبرِ الحلّاجِ
فنِصْفُ القتلى في تاريخِ الفِكْرِ،
بلا أسماءْ...



بـيروت كانت وردةً...
وأصبحت قضيهْ

1

بيروتُ . يا قصيدةَ القصائدْ .

يا وردةَ البحرِ .. ويا جزيرةَ الأحلامْ

يا عمريَ الجميلَ مكتوباً

على الرمالِ ، والأصدافِ ، والغَمَامْ .

ويا مكاتيبَ الهوى ينقُلُها الحَمَامْ ...

يا شَعْريَ الطويلَ مَنْثُوراً

على (الرَوْشَةِ) ... و(اليَرْزَةِ) ..

والأشرعةِ البيضاءْ ..

يا فَرَحي كطفلةٍ ضائعةٍ في (شَارِعِ الحمراءْ)!! ..

2

آتي من الكويتِ...
مثلَ نخلةٍ مُتْعَبَةٍ تريدُ أن تَنَامْ.
آتي إلى البيتِ الذي من خُبْزِهِ أطْعَمَني
آتي إلى الثَّدْي الذي أرْضَعَني.
آتي لكم مُشْتَاقةً
كي أشكرَ الحرفَ الذي ثَقَّفني.
وأشكرَ البحرَ الذي
إلى حُدُودِ الشَّمْسِ قد أطْلقَني..

3

أبحثُ في بيروتَ...
عن لونِ عينيَّ وطُولِ قامتي.
أبحثُ عن عمري... وعن ذاكرتي.
أبحثُ عن رسائلي الأولى...
وعن عَلَاقتي الأولى..
وعن وُعُوديَ الأُولى..
وعن قصائدِ الحُبِّ التي ترفُضُها قبيلتي..

4

آتي إلى بيروتَ
كي أَلْقَى صديقي البَحْر..
آتي لكي ألقى صديقي الشِّعْر...
فعندما تغيبُ بيروتُ
فلا قصيدةً جميلةً نقرؤها
أو قطعةً من نثرْ.
وعندما تغيبُ بيروتُ عن العينِ
يغيبُ العُمْر...

5

أبحثُ في بيروتَ..

عن أشيائيَ الأولى التي تركتُها في غرفتي..

عن كُتُبِ الشِّعْرِ التي تبكي على مكْتَبَتي.

أبحثُ عن أمطارِ أيلولَ... وعن مظلّتي...

عن قِصَصِ الحُبِّ التي خَبّأتُها بالسرِّ في حَقِيبَتي..

فَمنْ تُرى يُعيدُ لي طُفولتي؟..

ومَنْ تُرى يُعيدُ لي ذاكرتي؟...

6

آتي إلى بيروت..
كي أبحثَ عن حبّي.. وعن أحبَّتي
أبحثُ عن (ترويقةِ) الفُولِ لدى (مَرُّوشْ)
عن باعةِ القهوةِ في الكورنيشِ
عن (منقوشةِ الزعترِ).. عن جريدتي...

7

بيروتُ، يا شفَّافةَ العينينِ...

يا لؤلؤةً بَحْريَّهْ

يا مُهْرةً تصَهلُ في مَلَاعبِ الحريَّهْ..

يا وردةً قد تركتْ أوراقَها.. وعِطرَها..

وأصبَحتْ قضيَّه!!..

8

آتي إلى بيروت..
كي أبحثَ عن كَرَّاسةِ الشِّعْرِ
التي خَرْبَشْتُها في سالفِ الأيَّامْ
أبحثُ عن دفاتري
في وطنٍ قد صادرَ الأوراقَ، والأفكارَ، والأقلامْ..
أبحثُ في بيروتَ عن كلامْ
أقولُهُ، في وطنٍ يُحرِّمُ الكلامْ
يُحرِّمُ الحبَّ على أنواعِهِ..
يُحرِّمُ الشِّعْرَ على أنواعِهِ..
يُحرِّمُ الصلاةَ والصِّيامْ!!..

9

أبحثُ في بيروتَ
عن حريّةِ الحُبِّ.. وعن حرّيّتي
فليسَ من مدينةٍ تَليقُ بالشِّعْرِ
سوى بيروتْ..
وليسَ من مدينةٍ تَليقُ بالحُبِّ
سوى بيروتْ..
وليسَ من مدينةٍ تُشْبِهُني
من مُدُنِ الدُّنيا، سوى بيروتْ...

10

ما أروعَ الأيّام في (شتُورةٍ)
و(زَحْلةٍ)..
حيثُ رنينُ الكاسِ لا يَنَامْ
وأعينُ العُشّاقِ لا تنامْ
والشِّعرُ حتى الفجرِ لا ينامْ
يا ليتني مثلَ العصافيرِ التي
تشتاقُ كلَّ لحظةٍ إلى بلاد الشامْ!!..

11

أُحِسُّ في بيروتَ.. أنّي امرأةٌ ثانيةٌ
في ذلكَ العصرِ الرجوليِّ الذي
صادرَ عقلي مرّةً..
ومرّةً أُنوثتي..
آتي إلى بيروتَ.. كي أحيا ليومٍ واحدٍ
والْتَقي حُرّيّتي...

12

آتي إليكِ اليومَ ، يا بيروت
هاربةً من قلقي النفسِيِّ . .
من تَوَجُّعي القوميِّ . .
من أُكذوبةِ السَّلَامْ . .
آتي من التخلُّفِ الكبيرِ . .
والتَّشَرْذُمِ الكبيرِ . .
والتَّنَاثُرِ الكبيرِ . .
آتي إليكِ من ثقافةِ الشراءِ . . والبَيْعِ . .
ومن مُثَقفي الظَّلَام !! . .

13

آتي إليكِ اليومَ، يا بيروتْ
أمشي على حقلٍ من الألغامْ
هاربةً من مدنٍ قد أحرقتْ تاريخَها
وطَلَّقَتْ مبادئَ العروبَهْ..
وطَلَّقَتْ مبادئَ الإسلامْ..

14

آتي إلى الجَنُوبِ
حيثُ الأرضُ تُنبِتُ الليمونَ ، والزيتونَ ،
والأبطالْ . . .
وتُنْبِتُ العزّةَ . . والنَّخْوةَ . . والرِّجالْ . .
آتي إلى الجَنُوبِ
كي أُقَبِّلَ السُّيُوفَ ، والخيولَ ، والنِّصَالْ . . .
وفي فمي سُؤالْ :
هل أصبحَ الجَنُوبُ وحدَه . . قاعدةَ النِّضالْ ؟



سمفونـيّةُ الأرض...

1

تلكَ سِمْفُونيّةُ الأرضِ العظيمَهْ

تَتَوالى..

تَتَوالى..

مثلَ ضَرْبَاتِ القَدَرْ

مَرّةً في بيتِ لحمٍ

مَرّةً في غَزَّةٍ

مَرّةً في الناصِرَهْ

قَلَبتْ طاولةَ الرُّوليتْ، علينا...

سَحَبَتْنا فجأةً من قَدَمَيْنَا

كنَّسَتْ في لحظةٍ أسماءَ كلِّ الزُّعَماء
أغْلَقَتْ بالشَّمْعِ أوكارَ السياسَهْ
ودكاكينَ الخَدَرْ
ذَبَحَتْ كلَّ البَقَرْ
فاستقيلُوا يا كبارَ الشُّعراءْ
ليس للشِّعْر لَدْينَا سادةٌ أو أُمَرَاءْ
إنَّ للشِّعْرِ أميراً واحداً يُدْعَى الحَجَرْ

2

تلكَ سِمْفونيّةُ الأرضِ المجيدَهْ
تَتَوالى .. تَتَوالى
مثلَ إيقاعِ النواقيسِ،
ومُوسيقى القصيدَهْ
تَحمِلُ البَرْقَ إلينَا .. والمَطَرْ
أحْرَقتْ أوراقَ كلِّ الأُدَبَاءْ
خَلَعَتْ أضراسَ كلِّ الخُطَبَاءْ
وَرَمتْهُمْ في صَقَرْ

فافْرُشُوا السُّجَّادَ.. والوَرْدَ..
لأطفالِ الحِجَارَةْ
واغْمُرُوهُمْ بالزَّهَرْ..
إنَّ إسْرَائيلَ بيتٌ مِنْ زُجَاجٍ..
وانْكَسَرْ..

3

ها هيَ الأخبارُ تأتي كالفَرَاشاتِ إليْنَا
خَبَراً.. بعدَ خَبَرْ..
حَجَراً.. بعدَ حَجَرْ..
فعلى أجفانِنَا قَمْحٌ، ودِفْلَى، ووُرُودْ
هَا هُمُ أولادُنَا
يَضَعُونَ الشَّمْسَ في أكياسِهِمْ
يُبْدِعُونَ الزَّمَنَ الآتي.. يَصِيدُونَ الرُّعُودْ
ويثُورُونَ على ميراثِ عادٍ.. وثَمُودْ..

هَا هُمْ أكبادُنا..
يَقْتُلُونَ الزَّمَنَ العبريَّ..
يرمُونَ الوصايا العَشْرَ للنارِ..
وَيُلْغونَ أساطيرَ اليَهُودْ..

4

رائعٌ هذا المَطَرْ.

رائعٌ هذا المَطَرْ..

رائعٌ أنْ تَنْطُقَ الأرْضُ،

وأنْ يَمْشيَ الشَّجَرْ

هَا هُمْ يَنْمُونَ كالأعْشَابِ

في قلبِ الشَّوَارعْ

ففتاةٌ مثلُ نَعْنَاعِ البَرَاري

وفَتىً مثلُ القَمَرْ

هَا هُمْ يمشُونَ للموتِ صُفُوفاً
كعصافير المَزَارِعْ
ويَعُودونَ إلى خَيْمَتِهِمْ دُونَ أَصَابعْ
فاتْرُكُوا أبوابَكُمْ مَفْتُوحةً
طُولَ سَاعَاتِ السَّمَرْ
فلقد يأتي المسيحُ المُنْتَظَرْ
ولقد يَظْهَرُ فيما بَينَهُمْ
وَجْهُ عليٍّ..
أو عُمَرْ..

5

قَاوِمي .. أيَّتُها الأيْدي الجميلَهْ ..
قَاوِمي .. أيَّتُها الأيْدي التي بلَّلها
ماءُ الطُّفُولَهْ ..
لا تُبالي أبداً .. بأكاذيبِ القبيلَهْ ..
لم نُحرِّرْ نحنُ شِبْراً من فِلِسْطينَ .. ولكِنْ
حَرَّرتْنا هذه الأَيْدي الرَّسُولَهْ ..

الفهرس